Ile win our auncient right in France againe,
Or dye a ſouldier as I liu'd a king.
Glo. Short Sommers lightly haue a forward ſpring.

Enter yong Yorke, Haſtings, Cardinall.

Buc. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of Yorke.
Prin. Rich. of Yorke, how fares our noble brother?
Yor. Well my deare Lo: ſo muſt I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath loſt much maieſtie.
Glo. How fares our couzen noble L. of Yorke?
Yor. I thanke you gentle vncle. O my Lord,
You ſaid that Idle weeds are faſt in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrowne me far.
Glo. He hath my Lord.
Yor. And therefore he is idle?
Glo. Oh my faire couzen, I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my ſoueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinſman.
Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger little couzen, with all my hart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind vncle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no griefe to giue.
Glo. A greater gift thē that, Ile giue my cozen.
Yor. A greater gift? O thats the ſword to it.
Glo. I gentle couzen, were it light enough.
Yor. O than I ſee you will part but with light gifts,
In waightier things youle ſay a begger nay.
Glo. It is too waightie for your grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lord?
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor.* Little.
Prin. My Lo: of Yorke will ſtill be croſſe in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Becauſe